

AT LAST.

When, on my day of life, the light is falling,
And in the wide from whence I came,
I hear far voices and of darkness calling,
My feet to paths unknown.

Then who has made my home of life so glad,
And in its tenant when its walls decay,
O Love, divine, O Father, ever present,
No time my strength and stay.

So near the when all else is from me drifting,
Birth, sex, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uniting,
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy light
Shine on me when in comfort and in joy,
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I seek;
No street of shining gold.

Submit to it, my God and I, unbrokened,
And both forgive through Thy abundant grace,
I feel myself by hands familiar beckoned
To my fitting place.

Some humble deer among Thy many
creations,
Some sheltering shade where sin and sorrow
And love forever through heaven's green
expansions.

The first of Thy peace,
There from the music sound about me
stealing,
I feel would learn the new and holy
song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of
healing,
The life for which I long.

—John G. Whittier.

For Love of Madeline.

BY JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY.

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Although I had been a frequent caller at the home of Madeline Zimmer, as I had a right to be, I had never met Charles Newkirk there. Indeed, there were many other young men of my acquaintance whom I had never seen at her home, for that matter, but the fact that Newkirk and I never happened to be called in the luxurious house of the Zimmer at the same time is worthy of mention. This was the Newkirk who was in love with Madeline.

His tenderness for her was hardly within my knowledge, as he had never told me of it, but it was so firmly a matter of belief with me that it interfered with my ease of mind. I knew he called to see her; that was sufficient to make out a plain case of rivalry against him. After that whenever I encountered him at the club or at receptions, the very sight of him quickened my sense of envy.

His handsome features, his ruddy moustache, his correct clothes and his graceful carriage had the distressing effect of putting me in despair of winning Madeline so long as he was in the field. For that reason I was glad I had never met him when I was paying my devotion to her, as I felt I could suffer, by comparison, in her eyes.

If he was handsome and dashing, he was devoid of some of the essentials for a good husband. I knew this. Madeline, I was sure, did not know it. Therefore, as one who loved her with every fiber of his heart that was susceptible to passion, I felt a double purpose in my wooing—to save her from him and to win her for myself.

I wanted to tell her what sort of a fellow at heart Newkirk was. Doing his rival, however, I dared not. I knew from the discoveries Lullabyer made in dissecting the souls of women that it would have a contrary effect. Newkirk never spoke of her to me. I never spoke of her to him. She never mentioned him to me. Still he kept calling to see her. So I did it. Still he and I never met there. When he called I stayed away. When I called he did not come. It might have appeared to Madeline we were dodging



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Each other. I was glad we were, for I feared my impetuous disposition would have spoiled my chances.

Fortunately I was able to preserve an untroubled demeanor, but I was watchful and determined. Newkirk had affairs of business that called him often to New York. I heard that in the club gossip that he had an affair of the heart there, too. From that moment I was resolved to put a liberal construction on the maxim: "All is fair in love and war."

Soon after this Newkirk went East, to remain a month, he said. In happy coincidence the Zimmer left the very next day to pass the summer season at Charlevoix. The day following I sailed for Charlevoix to pass my vacation. She welcomed me there with evidences of delight. It was a period of supreme happiness to be near and to know that Newkirk would not interfere for a whole month.

Then was my time, if ever, I realized, to win her. As a wise general would do preparatory to assaulting a

blind, I made a plan. It was simple enough. It was to tell her that Newkirk was dead. That would leave the field clear. At her moment of bereavement I would naturally be the one man to whom she would turn for consolation. The rest would be easy.

I broke the sad news to her one day while we were strolling along the cliffs. She didn't take it much to heart, and I feared my success. Women are so much more credulous in times of grief. It was too late to change the plan then. I did the best I could. I held her hand, I pressed it to my lips, I muttered things so tender that they compelled my articulation. When I thought there was nothing proper left for me to do but jump over the cliff and hope they would never find my body, she turned to me with an expression of tenderness in her great brown eyes that filled my soul with joy.

"And you love me, Madeline?" I sighed.

"I have loved you with all my heart for a long, long time, John," she whispered.

There we pledged our troth. The



birds sang sweeter than ever they sang before. The sun shone brighter; the lake and the sky were bluer and the air was perfumed as we slowly passed along. We forgot the dinner hour and didn't care, for we were happy.

It was late in the afternoon when we returned to the hotel. We were sitting in the cooling shade of the great veranda. Another hostess of visitors looked up from the wharf where being discharged from the docks and we were studying them as they passed into the hotel.

My eye fell on one of them and it made my love-laden heart stop beating. Madeline saw my sudden emotion.

"What is the matter, John, dear?" she exclaimed in alarm.

"I could not find words at that moment, but she followed my fixed stare with her terrified glance until she, too, saw the cause of my attack of momentary paralysis.

She gave a scream and threw herself fainting in my arms.

There, among the new arrivals, stood Charles Newkirk, back from the grave in which I had so recently placed him.

"What does this mean, Newkirk?" I demanded as savagely as I could when I recovered a part of my senses. Whatever answer he made was lost to me, for at that moment Madeline's mother came shrieking to her daughter's aid. A score of other women rushed in upon me. I surrendered my fainting love to their more skillful attentions, and extricated myself from the hysterical confusion. I went to meet Newkirk face to face. Madeline was true at last and I had nothing to fear from him. As her professor I felt it to be my plain duty to punish him for his impudent intrusion.

He was gone from the veranda. I went into the hotel rotunda looking for him, but he was not there. I went to the clerk's desk.

"Where did that insolent fellow go?" I demanded.

"Whom do you mean?" asked the apprehensive clerk.

"Why that fellow Newkirk."

"They have gone to their room."

"They? Who are they? Newkirk is the only one I want."

"I mean Mr. and Mrs. Newkirk. They just arrived—on their wedding trip, I believe."

I looked at the hotel register and there was Newkirk's familiar handwriting tracing the words:

"Charles Newkirk and wife."

"Shall I send up your card?" asked the clerk.

"No! I guess I have made a mistake," I said hurriedly.

Then I hurried back to see if Madeline had recovered. She was sitting beside her mother looking pale. I sat on the other side of her. She leaned over to me with a faded expression in her erstwhile lustrous eyes.

"Was it his ghost, John?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.

"No, dear, that was his wife you saw with him," I said calmly.

"But you told me he was dead?" she said, with a tone of deep injury in her voice.

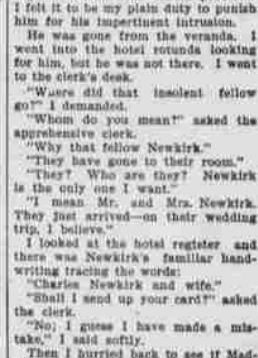
"Well, aren't you more surprised to hear that he is married?"

"Why, no. He told me he was going East to marry some other girl when I flitted him the week before last."

Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Archbishop of Canterbury recently entered his eightieth year, having been born on St. Andrew's day, 1821, at Santa Maria, in the Ionian Islands. It is generally stated that he was born in Sierra Leone, of which his father, Major Octavia Temple was governor.

The history of mankind is an immense volume of words.



Robert Callender.

Hunting case watch. In college he was a member of the Kappa Sigma and Delta Kappa Epsilon, and the Senior Society of the Wolf's Head, the emblem of which he is also thought to have worn pinned on his coat.

Current Topics

Model Town Built by Experts.

One of the most interesting experiments now in progress is that being made at Belvedere, N. J., where a model manufacturing town is being built up under the direction of Dr. Joseph Strong and William H. Tolman, respectively president and secretary of the League for Social Service. Not long ago the land on which the town stands was entirely unoccupied. It was first laid out by an eminent landscape gardener, provision being made for factory sites, public buildings and houses, parks and driveways. The land is owned by William J. Robinson, whose principal object is to do something in a practical way to relieve the congestion which is now the problem of the great cities. Incidentally Mr. Robinson expects to make money in the operation, as he does not believe that any reform can hope for general adoption until it is put on a paying basis. He offers five sites for new factories, and under the direction of Dr. Strong and Mr. Tolman, who call themselves social engineers, every provision is made for the comfort and welfare of the working men and women employed. Every cottage will have a flower and vegetable garden attached, and all kinds of technical schools will be established for the benefit of the children. The new model



WILLIAM J. ROBINSON.

town differs from its predecessors in that it is being directed by men who have made a life study of factory and social conditions all over the world.

Crime in the United States.

The statistics of homicide in the United States for 1900 are not encouraging. From 1890 to 1900 there was a steady decrease year by year, the total falling from 10,500 to 8,235, but this year the reports show a total of 8,276, an increase over last year of 8,950. If this year the figures increase proportionately the first year of the new century will be as largely marked by crime as was 1892. From the present outlook the indications are that the record of the ensuing year will be even darker, for human life was never held cheaper than at the present time, and hanging and lynching make little impression. Roydard Kipling was not far out of the way when he said that murder was the national crime of the United States.

Reward for Missing Youth.

News comes from Providence, R. I., that Robert Callender, who is known to many Yale men in the West, disappeared in that city on the last day of the old year. Five hundred dollars reward has been offered by his father, Walter Callender, for information as to his whereabouts. Young Callender had been suffering from rheumatism, and it is feared by his parents that he ended in temporarily affected thereby. Robert Callender, who was graduated from Yale in the class of '04, is 24 years old, 5 feet and 11 inches in height, and weighs 155 pounds. He has brown hair, inclined to curl, light brown eyes, and small, regular features. When he disappeared he wore a black derby hat, a dark sack suit, and an overcoat. On his little finger was a gold and ring, and he carried a gold



ROBERT CALLENDER.

Rebels Against the Trust.

Miss Henrietta Crossman has lately been playing "Nell Gwyn" at the Navy theater, New York. As the play was



MISS CROSSMAN.

about to begin the other night, she stopped before the curtain, and in a speech to the audience announced that the play would not be given because she could no longer bear the petty persecutions of the theatrical trust managers. Miss Crossman, who secured control of the Navy since Miss Crossman began her engagement there.

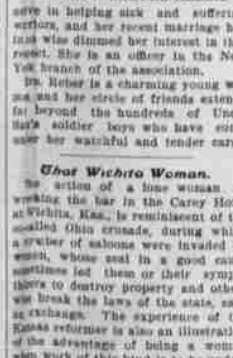
Starvation in Porto Rico.

In the last annual report of the secretary of the interior attention was called to the fact that the death rate in Porto Rico was still high in several places, notably in Ponce and Aguadilla. The commonest cause of death was Secretary Hildreth, "up to the nose in the death of the poor nutrition and sanitary surroundings." This statement is now corroborated with rather startling emphasis in a report by Surgeon Williams, one of the assistants under the recent military regime, in which he says that the most harrowing stories from Porto Rico have been substantiated. The report says that the people of laboring families, industrialists, who were in a state of starvation during the time of relief supplies, and who are now in a pitiable plight.

An Army Angel.

The daughter of Gen. Miles, whose mother, Capt. Samuel Heller, stationed on Governor's Island, is a leader in the work of army relief, and has a warm spot in the hearts of the soldiers, for whom she has done so much.

As Miss Miles, Mrs. Heller was most



MRS. CAPT. SAMUEL HELLER.

serve in helping sick and suffering soldiers, and her recent marriage has good health and the full possession of all her faculties at the full age of 109 years. She was born in the island of Guernsey on May 18, 1792. That was the year in which George Washington was elected to his second term as president of the United States. In that year civil rights in England were given to the Catholics for the first time since the reign of Henry VIII. In that year was formed the first European coalition against France, and in that year England made certain of her Indian empire by the capture of Seringapatam and the submission of Tipoo Sahib. It was the year before Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette died on the scaffold. Mrs. Heller's maiden name was Harvey. Mrs. Heller was a girl of 18 when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Her memories of that time are clear and definite. She saw much of the exiled French General Charles Francois DuRoi, who conducted the celebrated "cannade de Valmy" and he was one of the many admirers of her wit and beauty. In Waterloo she was married. Mr. Heller, a Scotch gentleman of independent means, and went with him on a continental tour, which included a visit to the battle of Waterloo. She picked up the name of Waterloo when it is still fresh in her mind. She was a member of the Imperial Guard. When Marshal Winchester went to England after Waterloo Mrs. Heller was presented to him and showed him the buckle. Her wed-

IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

Marvellous Power Some Fish Possess.—They can change their color so that they can become invisible.

The Skeleton.

The house in gay with guests from near and far.
But, oh, the closet door has swung ajar.
And lest they glimpse the skeleton within.
Oh, let the music and the dance begin!

And all the dancers laugh and shout and sing:
Oh! let them fill the house with roistering!

Ah, see, the clock is widening still more!
Go join the dance, and I will guard the door.

The last note dies upon the dark. The feast is over, and day climbs the crimson stair.
The last late guest is gone. The dance is done.
Come, you and I must face the skeleton!

—Kath M. Kelly in Christmas Smart Set.

Fish and Their Color Changes.

It is a familiar fact that among fishes there are many that have in a marvellous manner and to a marvellous degree the power of changing their coloring to that of their surroundings, thus making themselves practically invisible there except at close quarters, and so helping them to escape notice from their enemies. The commonest kinds of the daller-colored bottom-feeding fishes of northern waters may change their color, for instance, from dark brown or gray to light, and back again from light to dark. Many of the brightly colored tropical fishes change in a similar manner; some in shades of color, and some of them from one color to another, as from red to yellow, or from yellow to red. The tropical fishes in tanks at the Aquarium are likely to be, when new here, more or less affected by the character of the water, as to its saltness. The water of New York Bay is fresher in the spring and early summer, when the greater volume of fresh water is emptied into it from the North river, than it is at other seasons; and when the water is fresher the tropical fishes, susceptible to this influence, are likely to be of a lighter shade in their coloring than they are when the water is saltier. They become in a measure accustomed, and show this difference less with succeeding years. There is in the Aquarium a very beautiful silver fish that has now been there three years and a half, and now maintains a virtually uniform beauty at all seasons throughout the year. Something of this may be due to the tank in which it is kept. The bright coloring of the fishes is likely to be better preserved in a tank with a dark lining than in one lined with white tiles; certainly in the dark-lined tank the fish shows to greater advantage. The most vividly colored of the Aquarium's tropical fishes are the green parrot, the brilliant and beautiful copper, and the blue and red many times a day. Through the day the parrot fishes are likely to be calling about in their tank in full view; after the visitors have gone they are very likely to lie down on the bottom of their tank and to change their colors greatly. Their back and the upper part of their body become then almost black, shading off on other parts of the body to a lighter shade of green, than they wear when the color of the body being now more or less mottled in color. The green parrot fish, when very sick, grows plainly paler in color. Dead, its bright color comes back for a brief time, then again to fade.—New York Sun.

Years of Wounds. Aged 105.

Mrs. Margaret Anne Nere is a remarkable old lady living in London in good health and the full possession of all her faculties at the full age of 109 years. She was born in the island of Guernsey on May 18, 1792. That was the year in which George Washington was elected to his second term as president of the United States. In that year civil rights in England were given to the Catholics for the first time since the reign of Henry VIII. In that year was formed the first European coalition against France, and in that year England made certain of her Indian empire by the capture of Seringapatam and the submission of Tipoo Sahib. It was the year before Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette died on the scaffold. Mrs. Nere's maiden name was Harvey. Mrs. Nere was a girl of 18 when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Her memories of that time are clear and definite. She saw much of the exiled French General Charles Francois DuRoi, who conducted the celebrated "cannade de Valmy" and he was one of the many admirers of her wit and beauty. In Waterloo she was married. Mr. Nere, a Scotch gentleman of independent means, and went with him on a continental tour, which included a visit to the battle of Waterloo. She picked up the name of Waterloo when it is still fresh in her mind. She was a member of the Imperial Guard. When Marshal Winchester went to England after Waterloo Mrs. Nere was presented to him and showed him the buckle. Her wed-

Old Places in New York.

It is a very unimportant part of the civilized world whose existence is not celebrated by a dinner in this city at least once a year. An Australian living in New York is the latest to fall into line, and they propose to dine together in a few weeks. Every civilized nation is represented here by a dining society. Nearly every state in the Union has its society here, and at least a dozen countries of this state are also represented by societies.—New York Sun.

Mustard Imported from England.

We are obliged to import all of our mustard from England, because, though plenty of the plant grows in this country, it is poor and compared with the British product. The latter has glossy leaves and thick-clustered berries four times as big as those of the American variety, whose fruit is small and easily knocked off in handling.—Washington Post.

ding four was the prelude to a long series of travels and when, after twenty-five years of married life, Mrs. Nere was left a widow she continued her journeyings with Mrs. Hingle, her warm friend. Mrs. Nere was a great collector of curios and antiques. Almost the whole of Europe was traveled over by these two energetic women before the days of railroad, when traveling meant something of effort and discomfort. They were in Spain in 1823, when the Alhambra was being restored, and Mrs. Nere has a collection of tiles and original decorations which she secured at that time from the ruins of the old Moorish palace. Nothing, perhaps, shows her love of travel more forcibly than the fact that in 1832, at the age of 50, she made the journey to Warsaw, Poland, to see the memorial erected to Kosciuszko.—New York Press.

Artists Not Afraid of Ghosts.

Greenwich, Conn., correspondent New York Sun: Four artists are living in a haunted house at North Milford, within sight of Henry O. Havermeyer's mansion, and defying ghosts which are said to appear nightly. The artists are Louis Leach and Albert Bierman, famous illustrators; Ernest Henning, water-colorist, and W. G. Schneider, a noted miniature. They have lived in the house for nearly six months, and yet their nerves are steady and the work they produce bears no suggestion of the character of the place of their toil. The house is a three-story farmhouse and wing, with a stone wall in front and near it an old-fashioned well-sweep. The main house is double, with rooms on each side of a broad hall. In one of the rear rooms, a room called the study of Carpenter cut his throat with a razor. He had become disabled with rheumatism in his old age, and, being without relatives, committed suicide in despair. The bloodstains remain on the floor to this day and no amount of scrubbing will remove them. After his death the house was unoccupied until the artists lived it last summer, and set up their studio therein. No ghost talk could scare them, they said, and from their silence since then it is judged that they have not seen many spirits from the other world.

The story told by North Milford is that last night at night, at a certain hour, there comes stealing across the threshold of the door the shadowy form of the old man, and that it passes over the grey scene witnessed only by the four walls of the room and the prying moon peeping in at the windows. There are those who profess to have seen the ghost-like form, and others who express their doubts at the supernatural source. The artists have little company to annoy them, and so look upon the story of ghosts as a blessing in disguise.

Slot-Machine Restaurant.

One of the most popular restaurants in the city is threatened with dislocation; waiters must look for other employment. The slot-machine restaurant, the story of which was told by the New York Sun, is now in a state of dislocation.

Howels?

other knife—
the
change of the restaurant by the quick service is obtained in the basement. The patent, besides doing away with all waiters, makes useless the services of waiters. No one handles the money, the check system is wiped out; there are no milk, water and coffee men; no shelling nor drawers; no dishes except those from which the meal is being eaten. The only furniture of the restaurant are tables and chairs. When a customer enters the eating house and is seated he finds a metallic frame in front of him a bill of fare, arranged in a new kind of slot machine, made for coins of all denominations from 5 cents to \$1. The price of each article of food is stamped on the bill of fare, as in other restaurants and opposite each article is the appropriate slot, enabling the customer to know the price of what he wants and to insert a coin of the proper denomination. If he wants coffee or pie he drops 5 cents in the slot opposite the word pie or coffee on the bill of fare. In a few seconds a lift appears before the customer and with his own hands he takes off the article he had automatically ordered.—Chicago News.

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Necessity may bring a man into court, but it knows no law.